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A Child's Reminiscence, .

PRE-VERSE out of the rocked cradle, but of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical shuttle,

that of the boys's mother's womb, and from the nipples of her breasts, out of the Ninth-Month midnight,

Over the sterile sea-sands, and the fields beyond, where the child, leaving his bed, wandered alone, bare-Isown from the showered halo and the moonleams

twisting as if they were alive, Out from the patches of briars and blackberries.

From the memories of the bird that chanted to me,

From your memories, sad brother-from the fitful

risings and fallings I heard, From that night, infantile, under the yellow half-moon, late-risen, and swollen as if with tears, From those beginning notes of sickness and love, there

From the myriad thence-aroused words, From such, as now they start, the scene revisiting, As a flock, twittering, rising, or overhead passing. Borne hither—ere all cludes me, hurriedly, A man vet by these tears a little boy again, Throwing myself on the sand, I, Controuting the waves, sing.

REMINISCENCE.

I'p this sea shore, in some briars

I wo guests from Alabama two together, And their nest, and four light-green eggs, spotted with

And every day the he-bird, to and fro, near at hand, And every day the she-bird, crouched on her nest, silent, with bright eyes, -And every day I, a curious loy, never too close, never

Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

Pour down your warnith, Summer and! We bask we two together.

Winds blose South, or winds blose North Home, or rivers and mountains from home Sunging all time, minding no time If we two last keep together.

Till all of a sudden. May be killed, unknown to her mate, One forenoon the she-bird crouched not on the nest, Not returned that day or night, nor the next, Sor ever appeared again.

And thenceforward, all that Spring,
And all that Summer, in the sound of the sea,
And at night, under the full of the moon, in caln

I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, the he

The solitary guest from Alabama

Blor! Blue! Blow up war winds along Prumum &'s shore! Till you blose my mate to me.

Yes, when the stars glistened, All night long, on the prong of a moss-scallop'd stake, Down, close by the shore, almost amid the slapping Sat the lone singer, wonderful, causing tears.

He poured forth the meanings which now I, of all men,

Yes, my brother, I know.

The rest might not—but I have treasured every note.
For every night, dimly, down to the beach gliding.
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself with
the shadows.

The dusky demon aroused, the fire, the sweet I

sounds and sights after their sort.

The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing. I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,

Which now I too sing. Repeating, translating the notes, Following you, my brother.

Char in its wore mather the wave behind, And again another behind, embracing and Lippin

() it is lugging - () I think it is heavy with low

() madly the sea pushes upon the land,

Loud I call to you my love!
High and clear I shoot my voice, ever the waves. rely you must know who is here, You must know who I am, my love

Lose-hanging meen !-What is that dusky road in your brown yellow? () it is the shape of my mate! () moon do not keep her from me any longer

Land! O land! herer irony I turn, O I think you could give me my mate

For I can almost sure I we her dimly whichever way I look.

XIX.

Scaled clearer through the atmosphere!

Soltary here—the night's corols!
Circle of lonesome love! Doub's corols!
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waring moon!
O, under that moon, where she droops almost down

Soft! Let me just murmur, And do you hush and wast a moment, you see, For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me,

So faint-I must be still to listen.

Hither, my love! Here I am! Here! With this just-mutained note I onno This gentle call is for you, my love

Do not be decoyed elsewhere! That is the whistly of the wind—it is That is the fluttering of the spring, These are the shadows of leaves.

O darkness! O in vain! O I am very sick and sorrowful!

O troubled reflection in the wa!
O throat! O throbbing heart!
O all—and I unging uselessly all the night

XXVI. O murmura - you yourselves make me continue to sing, I ke

O past! O joy! In the air—in the woods—over fields, Lored! Lored! Loved! Loved! Loved! We two together no more.

The arin sinking. All else continuing-the stars shining

incessantly mouning, On the sands of Paumanok's shore gray and rustling,

The boy ecstatic with his bare feet the waves his hair the atmosphere dallying, The love in the heart pent, now loose, now

The strange tears down the cheeks coursing

To the boy's soul's questions sullenly tir To the outsetting bard of love.

Bird! (mid the boy's soul). Is it indeed toward your mate you sing? Or is mostly to me? For I that was a child, my tongue's use sleeping Now that I have heard you, Now in a moment I know what I am for-I awake

A thousand warbling echoes have started to life within

O you demon, singing by yourself! Projecting me! O solitary me, listening—never more shall I cease in

itating, perpetuating you, Never more shall I escape, Never more shall the reverber Never more the cries of unsatisfied love be abser

The unknown want, the destiny of me

O if I am to have so much, let me have n O a word! O what is my destination?

O I fear it is henceforth chaos! O how joys, dreads, convolutions, human shapes, and all shapes, spring as from graves around me! O phantoms! You cover all the land and all the sea!

O vapor, a look, a word! O well-beloved!

A word then. The word final, superior to all, Subtle, sent up—what is it?—I listen Are you whispering it, and have been all the time

sea-waves? Is that it from your liquid rims and wet sands?

red me through the night, and very plainly be

And again Death—ever Death, Death, Death, ed child's heart,

And creeping thence steadily up to my ears, Death, Death, Death, Death, Death.

Which I do not forget

and all songs

THE LOVE OF A PUPPET! A Christmas Storp.

Written for The New York Saturday Press BY T. B. ALDRICH.

Loxo ago, long before General Washington snubbe King, and set up a coat-of-arms on his own account long before the stars and stripes waved over this happ land; long before the Genius of America rose up sul limely under the crepuxulous pinious of the Spreac Eagle; in short, long before anything in particula d happened to this great and glorious Continent ere stood a narrow-windowed, gambrel-roofed, well-do mansion, on the spot now known as the Four a shilling ambrotype; more's the pity, for it was a fine edifice, in its glory, and sported a cupola (there were only three in the colony), from which you could see the garrison-house at Portsmouth, and beyond, the white-caps of the Atlantic, breaking in silver and autre on Nameralla Lind.

asure on Newcastic Light.

At the period of which I write, there dwelt betwee
the walls of this preposessing piece of architectur
the following more or less interesting personages:

1. Worshipful Godfry Pynchon (the Heavy Father

2. Madam Hepatsan rynchon (the Heroine coming to grief).

3. Kathie Pynchon (the Heroine coming to grief).

The worshipful Godfry Pynchon had once been a man of great wealth; but a series of disasters, including a scalping-frolic on the part of the neighboring Womponags, had reduced his fortune to about forty acres of good land, the Pynchon mansion, and the Pynchon family. In the last was his sweetest wealth, though he did not know it. I refer to Kathie Pynchon, who, as I have intimated, is the Juliet of our melodram. She must suffer the penalty of heroines. She dram. She must suffer the penalty of heroines. She

must be described.

Never, since gentlemen were invented; never, since the first author wet the first geosequill in the first ink-horn, preparatory to dashing off his first chapter, was horn, preparatory to dashing off his first chapter, was there ever a heroine so hard to describe as Kathle Pynchon, nor a scribbler less able to describe her than the property of t myself. I might, indeed, tell you something about the trimmest little figure, and the sauciest blue eyes, hate to catalogue the charms of a lovely woman. That Kathie was lovely, there can be no doubt in the mind of man. The lads of the village were distracted about her; the old men looked at her sunny face, and immediately remembered their courting-days; and even her rivals forgave her beauty, she was such a

It would take me all day to draw up merely a list of two, at divers times, from the moment she put on long dresses until her seventeenth year. So I shall not do it. But at last Kathle berself came to grief, and it is

It was snowing, as it can snow only in New Eng-land. Great white feathers came floating down from the cold gray clouds, darkening the whole atmosphere. Stone-walls, and roads, and barns, and fat comfortable farmhouses, appeared to sink gradually into the earth, threatening to leave everything level.

tear wiped away, when another sprung up to take its place, just like Indians in a skirmish. Now, as a gen-eral thing, I am not fond of Niobe. Women are not at that identical moment. Her sweet face was shrined like a saint's, in her rich blonde hair; her lips were red and pouty; and her soft white bosom rose and fell

our especial fault if she comes to the reader wrong-side up. At present she does not appear in an amiable light; for what plaintif can appear amiable while ar-guing that money and age are sweeter things than love

tors. Heavens! what wounds they give and take, and never flinch a bit! Now and then an awful thrust will

glam; the enemy folded her hands over her knees; and it was a truce between them. But it was not of long duration, for the enemy in retreating wished to fire a parting shot. Presently Madam Pynchon looked

fower. A proper good family is Davie Howe's, very, very old."
"Bo is he," said the Lamb at the window.



The enemy held up her hands in horror. At this moment Edward Pynchon came At this moment Edward Pynchon came in from the barn. As he brushed the mow off his long peruke, he looked at his wife, and the following silent dialogue took place:

His eyes. Have you told her?

His eyes. Yes.

His eyes. What does she say?

His eyes. NO!

WHILE Kathie, feverish and sick at heart, throw walls astine, reversa and sick at heart, throws herself on a two-story bed hung with stiff, white dim-ity, and Mr. Pynchon and his wife sit by the fireplace, down stairs, occupied with no pleasant thoughts, I will let the reader into the secret of Kathie's tears.

Richard Howe died. Kathie was sorry, as anybody is when anybody dies Then old Pynchon, like the philosopher he was, said

to himself:
"If Kathie can't wed Davie Howe's son—and she
Dishard Howe's fa can't, he being dead-she can wed Richard He

It was a brilliant idea.

But Kathie failed to see it. In fact, at that ti Kathle did not see much of anything, mye Walte Brandt. It is not quite plain to me how this cam about; but one day as young Brandt stood looking at Kathie with all his eyes, there was a tumult among the rose-leaves on Kathie's cheek; and Kathie's heart it. But at last Kathle herself came to grief, and it is are reserved on a stine a cheek; and Asthle's heart at this momentous epoch that our curtain rises, and the play begins.

It was snowing, as it can snow only in New England. Great white feathers came floating down from the cold gray clouds, darkening the whole atmosphere. Stone-walls, and roads, and barns, and fat comfortable its confortable in the cold gray clouds, and barns, and fat comfortable in the cold gray clouds, and barns, and fat comfortable in the cold gray clouds, and barns, and fat comfortable in the cold gray clouds, and barns, and fat comfortable in the cold gray clouds, and barns, and fat comfortable in the cold gray clouds, and barns, and fat comfortable in the cold gray clouds, and barns, and fat comfortable in the cold gray clouds, and barns, and fat comfortable in the cold gray clouds.

When Mr. Pynchon was informed of these things by

Walter Branci, he said, hasti not asnu enough for a crow to stand on. I'll hear no more of it!" Then there was trouble in the family. The doors of the Pynchon house were closed against Walter, and Kathle was forbidden to hold converse with the Out-

"I cannot get rue neir, main waiter manos."

seek fortune elsewhere. Will you be true to me,
Kathie? Will you marry me, if I come back within
three years, Kathie?"

"Ay, if you come back within fifty years!" said the

at that identical moment. Her sweet face was shrined like a saint's, in her rich blonde hair; her lips were red and pouty; and her soft white bosom rose and fell with a certain sort of archness, in spite of her sorrow. Altogether, she was very charming as she stood there at the window of the quaint old mansion, weeping. Imagine one of Hoppin's almond-eyed women looking out of a Gothic window by Vaux, upon one of young Boughton's Winter scenes. The frost steals steadily over the pane, and the fair face is lost.

In the same room with Kathie Pynchon was her mother, an oldish lady with sharp features, who sat by the wide-mouthed fireplace, toasting her feet in the face and eyes of two grotesque andirons. This personage, austere and severe to look at, as she sat in the red shadows of the blasing hemlock-logs, was by no means a woman not to be respected. She had her weak side, like the most immsculate of us; and it is weak s

nent," said neighbor Goodman to neighbor Pynchon. Mr. Pynchon wheeled about on one heel. "How d'ye know?" he saked, sharply.

"Nay, I have this moment received the document."
"John, you shall have that strip of hay-land at you

"Thank you, neighbor Pynchon, heartily."

And Mr. Pynchon made a feint of hurrying off;
salked two paces, paused, and said, in a nervous m

"And, John, you'll not need to -the letter-you know. And, John, how long would it take to go to Holland?" He meant how long would it take to come fro

"Three months or more," said John.
Mr. Pynchon went home.
"Kathie shall marry Davie Howe this Christmas,

chon broke the subject to her; and then ensued that combat which ended in Bindache and inglorious tears. As the old folks and by the fire that night, and as the coffin-like clock on the staircase doled out eight, old Mr. Pynchon started abruptly, and looked up at his

Thus she too remembered.

Four years ago that day, their son Will was lost off fewcastle Light. Four years ago that night, the waves here his body, scornfully, on the rocks.

It was a sorry anniversary for the Pynchon family.

In a macky, dingy inn, in one of the signing streets of a Dutch seaport-town, three miless sat at a stained-cak table, smoking clay-pipes and drinking from huge

pewter tankards. There was a clinking of glasses and a lie flat on its back, and stare at him with its inwink pewter tankards. There was a clinking of glasses and a clashing of low Dutch at the back end of the room, where the innkeeper stood behind a rough counter re-ceiving the small change. At round squat-tables, in various parts of the room, sat knots of obese burghers, playing with gressy cards and soiled dominoes. They all wore long, ferocious-looking beards, and might have been taken for malignant goldins in the dense amoke which filled and clouded the apartment—smoke from thirty industrious pipes, smoke from the sputtering garlic and potatoes which were being fried in the next room.

as the three foreign salions leaned over the table, taking tempestous draughts of the frothy beer, an old woman, who appeared to grow out of the stiffed at-mosphere, suddenly stood beside them. She was gaunt and shaky like a skeleton, and her white hair hung

It was Margaret Van Eyck, the fortune-teller.

winked a small sunken eye at his companions.

The crone looked at the lines in his palm, and shook

"Gramercy!" cried the other two sailors.
"You lie, I shan't!" said the man, withdrawin, and quickly. "Up sail and be off, or I'll dash grog over your ugly cut-water. And the man raised the heavy tankard m

strong hand was laid on his arm.
"Jack, I should forget we were men "There, Walter, boy," said the man, putting the tankard; "I can't stand them phantom

wer the sailor whose interfe

and brave, that he would have told "Come here, Walter Brandt," said old Margaret,

"Have ye wife, or child, or sweetheart, across the

"A sweetheart! I see her in your eyes!"
It is likely enough, for Kathle was always there.
"Would it make her heart leap to hear from you

"Then, here, take this," and the old woman handed Walter a small phial, filled with a dull greenish liquid. "To-night, at twelve o'clock, never a monent sooner nor later, uncork the bottle, and befor

ou can wink thrice, there will be a sweet whisper a

Bless my eyes!" cried Walter Brandt You could have counted every one of the honest fel-ow's handsome teeth while old Margaret was telling him this. He took the phial mechanically, placed it

in the pocket of his now wester, and went back won dering and doubtfully to his pipe.

The old crone vanished, as she came, in the smoke. That afternoon, the big awkward bark, "Kathie ynchon," Captain Brandt, put out to sea in a spanking

Then the sea boiled and hissed. Then the wind blew great guns, and the wayes lashed the sturdy bark, which rolled and floundered about in the trough of the sea, like a safe, comfortable old On and on she went, under bare poles. When the sur went down the gale increased in fury. The sea broke clean over her deck. At midnight a man was washed overboard. Walter was lashed to the helm, and as the

" A curse on that old witch ! Then a great wave dashed Walter against the helm, and the bottle in his pocket anapped. Wizz! went

omething through the air.
"Bless my eyes!" said Walter Brandt.

me, and would like to be put on shore. You see I have been out in the yacht "Zinga" with the gentle

reatures, and know all about it.

We are once more in New England. The people of the Colonies, like modern and sinful the first thing! Beating him, just as Mrs. Jones beats folk, had their amusements; and among the diversions which need delighted the Puritan mind were—I blank to a most the Power the Power to be the manifest of the mani

of Portunouth an eminent professor of Puppetism, whose name is so long and unpronouncable, that I shall call him Hans Von Meerschaum de Spuyten Duyvel, for brevity. This H. V. M. de S. D. was, in many remarks a remarkable man-remarkably old, remarkrespects, a remarkable man—remarkably old, remark-ably plain, and remarkably insane on the subject of manifeths. He had given his whole life to the manuand had brought the art to such perfection, that it was absolutely startling to see his gimeranks strut about the stage, and hear them chatter in the choicest fractured German, for Yon Meerschaum was a very clever ventriloquist withal. He got up a sort of comic-tragudy in which his little people played with great sprit. Some of his love-scenes were quite as neat and pathetic as anything you could see at the Winter Garden, or the Yolks' Garten, as to that matter. In fact, when the puppet Corydon kined the puppeten Chloe, in the second sixt, the Puritan maidens on the front seats actually blushed, and more than one lugularious elder was observed to assume a look of severity.

Christman was coming (I don't say this in a satirical sense), and Yon Meerichaum was devoting his energies to the preparation of a show that should astonish the

thins there is a moral in it—and morals are the most useful things we can put into our two stockings during Christmas-times. Like poorVon Meerschaum, the very best of us—especially us miserable story-writers de little or nothing all our lives, but make deall puppers The statesman makes his; the merchant his; the philosopher his; in short, there is no man so foelish, or so wise, but he contributes one manikin, at least, to that great puppet-show, the World.

Von Meerschaum's workshop was in the loft of a tall block-house which, in war-times, was used as a lookout, to watch the operations of the redskins. The Indians, of late, had been engaged in a friendly home-traffic in scalps, and the watchtower had fallen into disuse, until Von Meerschaum moved into it with his nicknacks, one day, after having paid a month's rent in advance to the treasury of the commonwealth. Hans Von Meerschaum aat in his curiosity-shop late

his ingenuity,—a sailor-boy, one foot high, carved and jointed in a most wonderful manner, and dressed to the life in blue jacket, and flowing white duck trousers, tight at the h'ps. The little imp all but breathed, as he lay across the puppet-maker's knees, grinning atrociously, and waiting patiently for Von Meerschann to put on the upper part of his skull. There was something terrible in the toy, as it lay there, minus the top of its cranium. The head was a shell of wood, into which the artful professor had stuffed a ball of cotton batting sprinkled with red pepper, to represent brains. Two blue glass beads composed the eyes; the lips were touched with vermillion; the nose and brow ace and body, was a marvel of workmanship

With a fine camel's-hair brush Von Meerschaup edges of a curly wig, which was to fit over the cavity in the sailor-boy's head, and render him attractive

village watchman. A sudden gust of wind blew back the wooden shut ter, and nearly extinguished the professor's candle Whizz! went something through the air, and flop went something into the cotton and pepper brain of the puppet on his knee. Von Meerschaum, who had not noticed this, carefully fitted the curly wig on the Then the sailor-boy rolled off the old man's knee

fell plump on the floor, and sprung on its feet in a jiffy
"Bless my eyes!" cried the manikin, giving a nau-tical hitch to his little trousers.

Von Meerschaum nearly dropped out of his chair with astonishment.
"Ter tyfle!" exclaimed Von Meerschaum

"Ter tyfle! ter tyfle! ter tyfle!" cried the old pup t-maker, dancing round the room in delight "I ale him mit my own hands! O, ter tyfic! ter

Then he laughed, then he cried; then he stopped and soked at the Wonder; then he was off again, forty horse-power, shouting that name which is never heard in polite society without a shudder.

"Let me out, you lubber!" shricked the manikin.
"You lubber!" shouted You Meerschaum, in eesta-; "and I made him mit my own hands?" And away be went round the room like mad.

Two bright sparks flew from the manikin's eyes "I'll jump out this window, you old fool!" cried the imp, and he ran to the casement. Von Meerschaum stood aghast; then he made one ash at the manikin and caught him by the leg just as

O, you will, will you!" cried the exasperated professor, and he administered such a spanking to the puppet as no urchin in the settlement could have lived

arough.

O, how mad the manikin was!

He gritted his little teeth, he clenched his lists, he nearly strangled with rage. Then he thrust his hand into his pocket for a plug of pigtail to chew his wrath

When Von Meerschaum beheld that he was off again "I'll make my fortune mit him!" cried Von Meer chaum, bursting with happiness.
"No you won't," said the manikin, who appeared o understand everything perfectly. "I won't play

their eyes!"

This threat fell like a thunderbolt on Von Meer

over him, like an old idiot. And from that moment Von Meerschaum was the unhappy slave of his manikin. He cringed before him, he worshipped him; the feel him on sea-biscuit and pigtail incremently, and even starves only thing in the world that it wanted. He had an immense tub of water, and built miniature corvettes for Captain Jack to launch and amuse himself with. He chairs, and kick out the fireplace, and damage things chairs, and sact out the inclusion manifer in his yarn agenerally. Then he would swing himself in his yarn hammock, strung across the best parlor, and bob up his funny little head every once in awhile, and abuse peror

old Von Meerschaum like a nickpocket! To record the conversations which took place between the old man and the manikin, would be to fill up twen

ty quarto volumes; but the gist of all was:

**Monitor----' Let me out! let me out!

**Von M.----' What for, mine little man?''

But the manikin refused to explain

of that wretched little beggar.
"You're no shentleman," said Von More as driven to the verge of distraction by the goings

him one day, severely. "Bless my eyes!" cried the manikin, walking lame

Weeks flew on, and matters became worse. The

The Saturday Press Book-List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 24, 1859.

and reader and no critic can ever get to the button NEW BOOKS, Doors, Transport wastly by merely men owing them in altractive print. The title of a new book, WERKLY, Nov. 12, 1859.

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cial, political, religions, and artistical world.

[From the Pross, Philadelphia, October 7, 1859.]

Spalding s Prepared Glue.

To have a favorite piece of china chipped or broken, a pet book with its binding tora, a nies piece of farmiture fractured, is a terrible and temper-destroying nulsance. Not without remedy, as we can testify. Mr. Spakhing, who advertises his Prepared Glue in the Pross to-day, sent-us some of it yesterday. We devoted two hours to its practural application—result, two carred chairs completely restored, many cales and ends of china and gluss made its own as the control of the

The N. Y. Saturday Press. HENRY CLAPP. Jr., Editor

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 24, 1859.

WALT WHITMAN'S POEM.

Our readers may, if they choose, consider as our Christmas or New Year's present to them, the curious warble, by Wait Whit-man, of "a Chilifa Remaisseme," on our First Page. Like the "Leaves of Greas." the purport of this wild and plaintive song, well enveloped, and rhoding definition, is positive and unquestion-able, like the effect of music. The piece will-bear reading many times—perhaps, indeed, only comes forth, as from recesses, by many repetitions.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE. We take pleasure in announcing, that from and after the first of January next. Ms. Robert W. Pramara will be associated in the proprietorship of Trix N. Y. Saturday Piese, which, as our readers will be pleased to learn, is now established on a permanent foun-

OUR GOOD WISHES.

A Merry Christmas! With a few choice exceptions, we wish everybody a Merry Christmas.

If we were more Christian,—by which we mean if.

How utterly it obliterates, for a time, all feelings of caste, and proves that the human heart, one moved to

O'er the daisied sod, above the Of my darling, where she lays at rest I weep, to-night. Heigho!

Fill the cup! Fill it up! I die, to-night, I die, to-night.

Pledge me once more the goblet bright.
I come. Bright spirit! O joy divine!
Ye conquer Death, O Love and Wine!
I die, to-night. Ha! ha!

WAIFS FROM WASHINGTON.

The talk of the week has been Speaker or No Speaker.

The fact, at this writing, is No Speaker; and if you seek the rationale of this condition, pray consult the daily papers. Not, however, the editorial columns, unless you know the reliactorie on clof to be an honest, unless you know the relicators on olef to be an honest, patriotic man—a porty man, if you choose, but a man of principle enough to turn his back on party, when it follows the wild impulse of passion, or the sordid prompting of interest—if such an one can be found. There are four papers here in general circulation

on the existence—it is now seven years out. I need not tell you, O. Editor, who are its venerable and venerated chiefs; but all your readers—and may their shadows multiply fast!—perhaps do not know that two more honorable, high-toned, generous, elegant, and accomplished gentlemen do not exist than Joseph Gales and William W. Seaton,—and when I say gentlemen, I mean the word in its legitimate, Addisonian sense, and neither in its sourse onal, its artistical—that is to say, its tailoristic—or its Congressional acceptation;—"arcades ambo," they are such as we should delight to honor. They have both grown white-haired on the tripod, and they would both have many a lac of rupees to their credit in bank, were it not that in deeds of kindly charity, and in the dispensation of the most refined and elegant hospitality, their hand knows no stint. I remember a printer once told me that none of the craft ever appealed to "Old Joe Gales" in vain, for he would take the last dollar from his pocket rather than turn a poor man away empty.

his pocket rather than turn a poor man away empty. his pocket rather than turn a poor man away empty.

Their paper is like themselves—calm, dignified, pure, and patriotic. Now and then, when the enlightened dimmecracy pulls off its coats, spits in its hands, and squares off for a free fight with the "blasted British" nd it is about time for one of those dem because the Intelligencer don't exactly see the necessit of joining the hue-and-cry, at the dictum of Capta Isaiah, or the Exiles of Erin in Park-meeting amem-bled, and running down that dear, good little lady who Queens it, and mothers it so gently and lovingly who queens it, and monitors it so gently and noringly across the ocean wave,—then there rises an universal chorus from the "Bugle Blasts of Freedom," and "Democratic Toosins of Liberty," and "People" Trumpets of Truth, that the "Intelligencer has been bought by British Gold;" that "that old Federal and anti-American print has, as usual, joined sides against the country,"—and all such trumpery, which isn'

worth repeating.
But the Intelligencer outlives all these demonstrations
Its politics are at bottom Old-line Whig; so that, a
things stand, it finds—in a partisan sense—its occups If we were more Christian,—by which we mean if
we were more noble, more manly,—we should make
no exceptions, but extend our good wishes, especially
as they cost nothing, to the entire human race.
But, then, it is such a raving and incomprehensible
mented, and what it is worth—than all the sponters

no exceptions, but extend our good withors, specially as they can bothing, to the entite human race, an includes such quest kind of people:

Yance, for instance, our wishing a Merry Christmas to the creatment who, having failed in the attempt of the Pan Sarranar Panse into possing over the possibility of starving it to good the property of the prop

Its centre, is bound by no petty restrictions, but have no to tool, and outlesses.

The shall all failures and the section of the failures and the provided contains against the provided contains and the section of the failures and the provided contains against the provided contains and the section of the failures and the provided contains against the provided contains and the pro

is readable, and is read. It don't take the pitch from anybody, and so it always has the credit of sincerity. The Sur has a circulation equal to half—or, excepting the Intelligencer—oil the others put together. Every honest man, and eyery man of family, says, about three times a week—"Pest on this miscrable sheet! I'll stop it at the end of the month—it will ruin my children's manners, their morals and their language!" But he don't carry his threat into execution. There is accordable so beliefs and the way. is something so brilliant and Murat-like in the way the Sar disregards the cold, stern squares of truth— there is something so Ravellian in the way in which it turns summersets upon every conceivable subject,— that one cannot get half as much (such as it is) for a brilliant and Murat-like in the way penny in any other way as in purchasing the Star.

It is literally "dor cheap." I don't know why we continue to take it, unless because it is like ourselves, in one respect at least—" of the earth, earthy."

For all that, I don't believe what the Herald Corres-

pondent said a few years ago of its Editor—and that was, that President Pierce, in alighting from his horse on the Avenue, saw said Editor passing, and said— "Here, Dug, hold my horse, will you?" I don't believe that, because, simply, General Pierce was a gentle

(For THE SATURDAY PRIPE CHRISTMAS. BY ALLEN D. VORCE.

To-night a thousand hearts beat glad. In honor of old Christmas-time;
And ringing round the earth there goes.
The music of a Christmas-chime;
And merrily through the air there floats
The rhyme of the minstrel's Christmas-tune, Who stands beneath my cottag

Light are hearts that dance, to-night, Beneath the holly and mistletoe Many the kisses given and taken, As the merry dancers come and go. Decked is the boar's-head with ivy buds And a vine runs round the wassail-bowl. And Summer sits high in many a heart, And loud is the laugh of many a soul.

Brightly blazes the old yule-log, And the flowers of the fire wreath 'round. As many a mug of old brown ale With its drinker hath sanction found : And Mirth sits high 'neath the cottage walls, And the poorest are rich for a day, For there reign within the cotter's heart, Feelings that are akin to May.

Shall these customs refuge find; For the holly and the mistle'oe Have long been left behind.

Chonghte and Chings.

BY ADA CLARE IX.

ally!

oo is published upon principles of the Whenever I hear men or women speak in bitter sat

rare thing to see her otherwise. She is so much the best actress we have in her line, that to find fault with her would be what is familiarly termed, "quarrelling with one's bread and butter."

Mr. Burnett's enactment of the negro was so good, that the first sight of him brought tears to my eyes, it carried me back so forcibly to the scenes and associations of my early Southern life. There was a certain "Uncle Exeter" looking very much like the Uncle Toby of the play, who was the oracle of my childhood. I and my little cousins held the statements of Uncle Exeter to be invulnerable; the absolute proofs of science and mathematics could nothing against them. Dear old black slave! I know thou hadst no wrongs: Dear old black slave? I know thou hadst no wrongs: but if the book of thy memory had been black with them, the tepder cherishing with which young children encircled thy life, and the pure fears with which they bedewed thy grave, had abundantly blotted them

I was present at the Drayton-Matince last Saturday.

I think Mr. Drayton the most finished and elegant comedian I have ever seen. What a triumph it is to comedian I have ever seen. What a triumph it is to make people laugh in that dreary tomb called, in cruel satire. "Hope Chapel"! The very atmosphere of the place elongates the countenance as though it were stretching it on the rack. But Mr. Drayton soon burst for us the cerements of the tomb. He is a fine singer, capital general artist, inimitable comedian, and hand-some man. If that is not a partie-carrée of brilliant excellencies. I know not what brilliancy is, and for me the bat differs not from the nightingal

The story of "Apelles and his Contemporaries" has given me great entertainment. All the characters in the book are characteristically, some of them exquisitely drawn. Besides, every one loves to read an interesting account of the grand old masters of art. There is much, much more than cant and pedantry in a devotion to the classics. The form of these electrons is much, much more than cant and pedantry in a devo-tion to the classics. The fame of these glorions ones of the Greek and Roman past is a pure fame, because it is a fame shorn of all the unspiritualities of circumstance. It is set far away like still stars beyond us—so far, so high, that the little voices of rivalry, and detraction, and envy, are dumb below it. Its immortality looks to

Miss Jane Austen, the shrewdest and most humoror delineator of character who ever has lived, or perhaps ever will live, thus defends the art of novel-writing which in her own peculiar style, she carried to such

which in her own peculiar style, she carried to such perfection:

I will not adopt that ungenerous and impolitic custom, so common with novel-writers, of joining with their greatest enemies in bestowing the harshest epithets on novels, and scarcely ever permitting them to be read by their own heroine, who, if she accidentally take up a novel, is sure to turn over its insipid pages with diaguat. Alas! If the heroine of one novel be not patronized by the heroine of another, from whom can she expect affection and regard? I cannot approve of it. Let us not desert one another—we are an injured body. Although our productions have afforded more extensive and unaffected pleasure than those of any other literary corporation in the world, no species of composition has been so decried. Prom pride, ignorance, or fashion, our foes are almost as numerous as our readers; and while the abilities of the nine-hundredth abridgement of the History of England, or of the man who collects and publishes in a volume some dozen lines of Milton, Pope, and Prior, with a paper from the Spectator, and a chapter from Sterne, are eulogized by a thousand pens, there seems almost a general wish of decrying the capacity and undervaluing the labor of the novellet, and of slighting the performances which have only genius, wit, and taste to recommend them.

"It is really very well for a novel,"—such is the

formances which have only genius, wit, and taste to re-commend them;

"It is really very well for a novel,"—such is the common cant. "What are you reading Miss —;"
O, it is only a novel," while she lays down the book with affected indifference, or momentary shanne. It is 'only," in short, some work in which the greatest powers of the mind are displayed, in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its varieties, the liveliest effusions of wit and humor, are conveyed to the world in the best chosen language

CHRISTMAS.

Hail Christmas! blewed, boly time. To pious souls in every clime, Who celebrate with joy and love The advent of the Nacred Dove— The Word made flesh, sent down from be God's priceless boon to mortals given, The virgin mother's sinless bals All lowly in a manger laid— While o'er his head, with radiance bright, The Star of Bethlehem cheered the night And led the wise men to his shrine, To worship Him, the Child divine

clessed Appro Christmas day!
To hearts with youth and pleasure gay—
When friends and kindred joyful meet. To pass the hours in converse sweet, And frolic glee, and festal mirth, Surround the happy household hearth.

O holy, anddened, Christmas hours! To homes where sorrow darkly lowers— Where fond hearts weep, their idols dead, And laid within the glent tomb. Send peace and comfort from above. Our Father God! our risen Lord! Support, and strengthen, by Thy Word-And grant to Faith's exstatic sight, The Star of Bethlehem's hallowed light, To shed its radiance o'er the gloom, And lead to joys beyond the tomb

INFERIAL COLLARSE. It is said that Engenie is at Compiegue, devoting herself to gradual reduction of her crinoline. The reason alleged is, that Napoleon so desires, and the Empress is not the sort of wife to stand out in opposition to the wishes of her husband.

When did Rossini make his best jokes' When he composed his Mots in Egitto. IDEALATRY. In ancient days (see the First Book of Kongs). The Presis bested down to innaces and things, And were accursed for kneeling night and ga-pletore their craven Gods to preach and pray. Our New School Pricets, who blame the ones of old Are just as bad, if that the truth were told. They worship images, too, when they price h—Not carven goods, but—Images of Speech'

QUERY FOR POLITICIANS. If six performances of The Octoroon ' at the Winter Garden bring about a issolution of the theatrical minon, and slatter the covernment of that establishment, what will be the orolable result upon the nation at large if it run hrough the entire season!

"STILL."—The ominous silence of Louis Napoleorespecting his intentions about England, is merely, a think, a Case of Imperial Mumm.

hink, a Case of Imperial Admini.

Comparatives: Hanniess. — Mr. Bonner, of the Ledger,
the Hanniess — Edward Everett, to continue his has engaged the Hon. Edward Everett to continu contributions to that delectable sheet, it seems. Bonner thinks that Mr. Everett is a Great Gun. think him only a Smooth Bore.

We were all very merry at Pfaff's. Ind you think Whole Langled with the reed, just a triffe too gay. That ma inigmone was false, that I boried my frend. That my cartle in Spain had been plundered that share the state of the st

Del you think that these small, wary, it winkling gray by That look over and under and into things so, Could read me—a primer? that you could let drop A sty planning tright down in the depths of my wo—Del you think?

Did you taken. ?

You will kill me with haughter, some day, you dear out. I was happy that night, though the girt was a chout. Could I streets but a first, when the man that I breed to Was so executly at red from his head to his teed— REPUBLICAN SPECIFIC FOR COLUMBIA. Help'er.

THE (H) IDES OF MARCH. - The Spring Trade in the Cox.—If Mr. Helper is the author of the "Impend-ag Crisis," who is the author of the trisis of 1857. [Answers should be sent in time for our next issue.]

- Vanty Far, Dec. 31. many as the author of "Orion," "The Dreamer and the Worker," "The Death of Marlowe," etc., has just sent to England from Australia, whither he emigrated some few years ago, a volume entitled "Australia some few years ago, a volume entitled "Australian Facts and Prospects," adding to it the author's Australian autobiography. In 1852, he was commander of the gold-escort in Victoria. In 1853-4, he was commissioner of crown-lands for the gold-fields. In 1855, he was "territorial magistrate," and is at the present time commissioner of Yan Yean Water Supply, work is to be published by Messrs. Smith & Elder

NEW PUBLICATIONS Received at the Office of The Saturday Press

For the week ending Saturday, Dec. 24, 1859. dols in the Heart. A Tale. By A. L. O. E., authorses of "The Giant Killer," "Young Physron," "Procepts in Practice," etc. 12ms, pp. 202. London and New York, "I. Nelson & San-1899. 1859. The Christian's Mirror; or, Wards in Scason. By A. I. O. E., an thorses of "The Guant Killer," "The Young Pilgrim," "Freegist in Practice," etc. 12mo, pp. 254. Lombin and New York T. Nelson & Sons. 1850.
Prinest Bracebridge, or, & basilboy Bays. By W. H. G. Kingston 12mo, pp. 334. Beelan. Takhar & Fields. 1860.

Ann Ash; or, The Founding. By the author of "Charlie Burton." The Broken Arm," vic., vic. 18mo, pp. 183. New York Daniel Bana, Jr. 1860. Paniel Bana, 3r. 1860.

Monograph upon Acouste; its Therapeutic and Physiological Effects, together with its uses and accurate statements, derived from the various sources of modelal literature. Translated from the German of Dr. Beil, Tracher of Medicine and Physician at Halle. By Heary B. Millard, A.M. M. D. Prize Essay, Sinc. pp. 168. New York: William Radde, 1860.

Ratew Wood; or, Building on the Back, Br. Mes. J. M. Perker, artery Wood; or, Building on the Back, Br. Mes. J. M. Perker.

Barley Wood; or, Building on the Back. By Mr. J. M. Parker, author of "The Bay Massionary," "The Little Churchman. Library," Laws of the Way, "cir., cir. 1249, pp. 329. New York, Daniel Bana, Jr. 1860. York | baniel Bana, Jr. 1860.
An Overland Journey from New York to San Franciscu in the Sammer of 1859. By Biorace Greeke | 12mo, pp. 386. New York : C. N. Saxton, Barkey & Co. 1869.
Self-Help: With Hinstrations of Character and Ondorst by Sammel Smithe, author of 'The Life of George Stephenson | 12mo, pp. 408. Baston | Technor & Fields. 1860. Alice's Dream. A Take of Christmas Time. By Mary Ann Whita-ker. 12mo, pp. 122. Beston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1860. The Lessure Moments of Miss Martha Hames Butt, A.M. 12ms, pp. 442. New York E. D. Long & Co. 1880.

542. New York. E. D. Long, S. C. London, D. D. D. Huntington, D. D. Proacher in the University, and Philimper Professor of Crusby, Nichola & Co. 1860. The Diary of a Samaritan. By a Member of the Howard Association of New Orleans. Emo, pp. 324. New York: Harper A Brothers. Brothers.

Rethornal's Adventures on Land and Water. By Frederican Wildman's Adventures on Land and Water. By Frederic Germancker. Translated and Revised by Lacrelles Wranni With Eight Hinstrations, printed in Oil Cohers. 12mc., pp. 31: Botton: Crosby, Nichols & O. 1860.

The Professor at the Breakfast Table: with the Story of law-Oliver Wendell Holmes, author of "The Autograt of the Br fast Table." 12mo, pp. 410. Boston: Takhor & Fields Storley of Rainbow and Lickys By Jacob Abbott 12mc, pp. 201 New York: Harper & Brothers, 1880. The Magic Mirror: A Christmas Story, By T. F., author of "The Christ Child," 12mc, paper, pp. 31. New York: Itaniel Dans, Jr. 1850.

A field at Bonne; or, Life in the Poorbouse of New Galainat, it which is given the graphe Story of Jine and the Orghaned Alvewish in given the graphe Story of Jine and the Orghaned Alvewish in given the graphe Story of Jine and the Orghaned Alvewish Charles and Charles and Jine and

Grund. 12mo. pp. 248. Philadelphia Childa & Prierram. Issue Life of Lafayette Written for Children. By E. Occil. 12mo. pp. 218. Baston: Crouby, Nichola & O. -8560.

The Fireman's Almanic and Reference books, for the Year 1560. Contaming in addition to the Cabendar, A Memorandum of Proceedings in the Contamination of the Co

Bramatic Feuilleton.

Philadelphia Etiquette

There is a great row going on over yonder

It is not about the Union, nor the medical studer

or Mr. George William Curtis.

It is apropos to Brignoli, and all about etiquette.

Here is the story:

The Philadelphians see Patti to an immense extent

The Philadelphians see Patti to an immense extent She is a good girl, and does not hesitate to any that Philadelphia is charming; that the reed-birds are "nice," and the butter "sweet."

"nice," and the butter "sweet."
Certainly she has had quite enough of the butter.
The Philadelphians: on the other hand, don't see
Brignedi. He is a mechant, a bad boy, who pool-pools
Broad street, which is eight miles long and sixteen
miles wide, and makes love to the prettiest girls in the place, directly under the noses of the peg-top youths.

In New York, he is not over popular, personally; in place, directly under the noscot the peg-top youtns, $I_{\rm N}$ New York, he is not over popular, personally; Philadelphia, his insouciance is quite proportionate the colossal rage of the villagers against him. Last Saturday night Patti sung for the custodia of the Mint and Independence Hall.

Chestnut street emptied its young men into the Academy, Broad street, and bouquets flourished in the stockholders' pen. [They corral them, like cattle in

Patti was called out. The stage was covered with

bouquets.
The warblers, Brignoli and Patti, appeared. Excite ment among the Broad street youths. Brignoli picks and-forty floral offerings to the shrine of Genius re-main upon the stage. Great indignation among the Brond Attect youths

Patti must be had out again.

She appears, led by Brignoli. More vegetables.

He picks up oon bouquet, and leads the Siren off.

There is a blas from a Chestnut-street counter

There is a hiss from a Chestrat-street counter-iritant, and Brignoli, in his lest Italian and sweetest demi-vore, says. "Bless you, my child, bless you!" Patti's eyes get larger than ever, and I am afraid that she is launching.

The tury of the infants now rises to the boiling point:

The French Theatre has come to an untimely end. Sage wasn't so wise as he believed himself to be, and the subscribers, all but forty, "caved in."
The artists have been exiled to the Bowery (Hoym's

Theatre), where they announce La Dame our Comelias for Thursday and Saturday of this week. Meantime, Sam Cowell keeps things going at a lively

rate at the French Theatre.

Bourcicault is to be stage-manager at Laura Keene's Theatre, where he proposes to bring out The Heart of Noi-Lohian, Misses Keene and Robertson as Jensie and Effe Dams. They can quote this pretty thing out of the divine Williams (edited by Miss Keene and Genio C. Scott):

So we grew together, Lake to a double cherry seeming parted; But yet a union in partition, Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.

There now, who says I can't say nice things about

people?

Mrs. Wood, who has finished fascinating the Phila delphians, will probably return to the Winter Garden Something for the New York Bar.

There have been two new theatres opened down-town this week—one in the Superior Court, and the other in the Circuit Court of the United States. The Great Dithe Circuit Court of the United States. The Great Di-rove Gase, a very long, if not very clever drama, was revived in the Superior, with the old cast: Mr. O'Con-or as Mrs. Forcest, and Mr. John Van Buren as Mr. Forcest. Van Buren, finding his rôle a little heavy, called in a clever young man named Brady, an Irish comedian, to help him out with it. They had got as

Antiques), and a great deal of cheap patriotism.

People laugh at the one, and appland the other;
but that don't make the piece a good one, nor does it
redeem Miss Keene's artistic reputation, which, as
they say, she has no longer the excuse of impecunion-

And then the saving of the Union! Rah! Inn't there enough of that humbug in the papers, that we must be bored with it on the stage?

And then the taking of the name of Anna Maria in vain!

Mille de tonnerres!

She, the Pearl of Manhattan; the Brightest and the Best; a work wherein Nature in her gentlest mood, and Art in its highest development, have joined to produce "one entire and perfect crysolite";—abe the corase, lond-voiced, slangy daughter of a cheap boarding-house keeper!—she, who looks upon "all those people" with althorruce!—she, who wears nothing but Aldrich's poems, esten nothing less expensive than paid de foles gran all her life. It's "drefful," now, isn't it? And don't you think the could have Miss Keene up in the Circuit Court for infringement of copyright?

The Expens says:

"Mr. C. Jerome Hopkins has been the unexpected grace and the relief."

"Mr. C. Jerome Hopkins has been the unexpected grace and the life."

"Mr. C. Jerome Hopkins has been the unexpected grace and the life."

"In What a shame!

The Expens says:

"Mr. C. Jerome Hopkins has been the unexpected grace and the life."

"In Wh. C. Jerome Hopkins has been the unexpected grace and the life."

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"In Wh. C. Jerome Hopkins has been the unexpected grace and the life."

"In Wh. C. Jerome Hopkins has been the unexpected grace and the

That she is launching.

The tury of the infants now rises to the boiling point:
Patti must appear again. The old scene is repeated.

Iffignoil picks up ONE bonquet.

And there was much wailing, and cursing, and gnashing of teeth, over the bars of the Girard House. The bonquet-brigade had the pleasure to see their offerings picked up by a "super," and as the odor of flowers isn't nice for the voice, it is more than probable that none of the bonquets ever approximated the angelic mess, or were even touched by the divine hands of the prima donna.

Of course this is a great thing for the local papers.

For the moment, it has diverted attention from that mad dog who is shot every day by Officer Simpkins in Moyamensing, or the new dry-goods shop of Snip & Co. in Chestmut street.

The Depatch pitches into Brignoli, and says he is an opentleman. vealed to her through the medium of the Tenor, who is very happy and very much ashamed of himself, as I'm

Men diea! And he keeps a coupe!
But look! who is this preux chevalier, this Bayard, this Chesterfield, this Amalis de Gaul, this Count d'Orsay, this Frank Waddell, who comes to the rescue of the gentle Neapolitan?
It is that "d—d elegant gentleman" (excuse the expletive), that sweet-scented, snave, agreeable, and the to Gurowski, the cleanest, the most delicate, and the most refined of savants, philosophers, and critics, the Solon of the "hiladelphia Press, the bosom friend of Lord Brougham" and the late Doctor Maginn—R. Shelton MacKenzie, Esquire, D.C.L.
Hear the learned Doctor:
The Emopean custom, to which Bisposis strictly adhered, is for the pressure of the servicer discuss, a theatrest possistion for the learned Doctor and the late Doctor Maginn—R. Shelton MacKenzie, Esquire, D.C.L.
Hear the learned Doctor:
The Emopean custom, to which Bisposis strictly adhered, is for the pressure of the servicer discuss, a theatrest possistion fundited the review of some a theory to the pressure of the servicer discuss a theatrest learnest learnest continued to the structure of the situation by exercising towards Signorina learnest of the situation by exercising towards Signorina learnest characteristic content of the situation by exercising towards Signorina learnest content of the situation by exercising towards Signorina learnest content of the situation by exercising towards Signorina learnest content of the situation by exercising towards Signorina learnest content of the situation by exercising towards Signorina learnest content of the situation by exercising towards Signorina learnest content of the situation by exercising towards Signorina learnest content of the situation by exercising towards Signorina learnest content of the situation by exercising towards Signorina learnest content of the situation by exercising towards Signorina learnest content of the situation by exercising towards Signorina learnest content of the situation by exercising towards Signorina learnest content of the situation situation and th

lachrymae; but no more of it.

We are to have more opera next week. Patitive requiremental of the situation by exercising towards Signorinal Patit what ordinary patitions demanded.

There, don't you feel better now! I do. As for the bouquet-business, I never could see it; and, if I were a grince lady, I should prefer the cost of the latest than the patitive states of the same of the same

FOR THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRIME BORN.

BY SALLIE BRIDGES. A requiem and s jubilee!

An infant born, a mother dead!

A storm without, a wail within!

A starless heaven overhead! A father's half-averted eye! Hot tears above a white robe shed!

A flickering firelight in the room, Strange shadows swaying 'mid the glo A broken flower, a bud's fresh bloom, A life that wrought its giver's doom!

Thus welcomed in an ominous hour, A new soul wakened on the earth; With snow and hall on striving winds, With death and sorrow in the heart!

What fate is hid in coming years,
Thus heralded by such a birth?
A loveless childhood, wild and lone;
A youth of yearnings, crushed, unknown
A heart with idols overthrown;
A woman's lot? moan, baby, moan!

A LETTER.

Forced. Van Buren, finding his role a little heavy, called in a clever young man named Redy, an Irish comedian, to help him out with it. They had got as far as the fourth act at the last accounts.

In the Circuit, Court, the old farce, Dissond Che Dissond, has been revived, under the, title of The Sate of the Cotrones, increasment. Mr. Green C. Bronson, one of the best heavy old men in the country (and lately engaged to do the Notary at the Municipal Theatre), appears as Mr. Sharet and Mr. Fields (Cortican Brothero), and Mr. Cram, who has had some experience in eccentric comiedy under Mr. Burton's management, plays Mr. Bourceoull. The manuscript has been handed to the stage-manager, Ingereoil, who being engaged in getting up a nautical drawn, post-pound the reading of the new play till to-day.

One of the oldest performers in this tifestre wants to know intow it is that Mr. Fields comes to administer on the refects of the Winter Garden before its cheeses. That's condetered a good thing about the Courts. They have also in rebensard at the Marine Courts alively little comedicta for Laura Keene and George Joulan, called, Wander, Wedl's Schary, Mr. Schole of the Courts. They have also in rebensard at the Marine Courts alively little comedicta for Laura Keene and George Joulan, called, Wander, Wedl's Schary, Mr. Schole of the Courts of plays.

Now I don't asy that as the result of rejected addresses for Mise Keene never refused any play of mise. Indeed, she ought to be the heaven-born goodens for authors, for alies agiven a chance to things that any one else would have thrown out of the window.

The hash which she calls a comedy is precisely one of those things.

I don't think it ever had an author. It seems like one of those lipteresting works cooked up between the box-office and the green-room, and resembling, for all the world, the mose which they get up in the change and the processing those august and the processing those august and the processing through the counter of the counter of the processing those augus

And then the saving of the Union! Bah! Isn't there enough of that humbug in the papers, that we must be bored with it on the stage!

Mille de tonnerres!

She, the Pearl of M.

I think the joy in the Upper Box, at this me must have been very "considerable." The Sequel.

The Sequel.

Now on the next opera-night a great thing was done.

When Mr. Brignoli came upon the stage he was loadly applauded. The house rang with the sincerest sorrow. Nobility shrank to the back velvet, and for a time I vainly endeavored to restrain the tears that madly leaped down my checks, in one swollen torrent.—(S. Obb., Jr.)

A Few Concluding Remarks I have made so much of this affair because I think it establishes a point, namely: The Artist in his art is greater than the Gorgeous Creature anywhere; and tenpenny nails, titles of nobility, or tape, cannot belittle a soul, though it beats beneath the embroidered shirt of a Tenor!—(C. Goyler.)

Finally, Brethren! Phasiry, breamen.

Page's Venus is here, and attracting a large num
of elderly persons. It is such a homely woman th
think it ought to be kept for private exhibition.

"Vanity Fair" has come. I LEER IT.—(Passes
Please let the publisher see this, and then ber
the publisher see this, and then ber
the publisher see this and then ber
the publisher see this publisher see the publisher see this publisher see the publisher se

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LIFE IN LOUISIANA.

a Yashee from Manachusetts, now oversees to manachuse the party of the property of the party of aid made," once the late Judge's body a work, m."

MR. A. H. DAVENPORT

sed in Europe, and now just returned bome MRR. J. H. ALLEN girl, natural child of the late Judge Peyton by MR. T. B. JOHNSTON MRS. BLAKE

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(Continued from First Page.)

on hearing this the manikin bolted out of the ham-

The old man took him on his knee, and smoothed his

curly hair fondly, like a woman.
"To-morrow will be Christmas eve," said Von Meerschaum, rather confusedly, "and the good Mynheer Pynchon has sent for my puppets for to play at his

Now mine good little man, mine brave little man, chaos in order. His countenance was such a pict of comical misery, that the sailor-imp fairly shriek with delight.

stretching out his absurd fist.

o nappy.

"My fortune will be made!" said Von Meerschaum.

"And I shall see he, her, her, her!" shricked the
"My child," said Madam Pynchon, bending over

And Kathie Pynchon all this time?

The Lamb had been used badly. Hitherto Mr. Pyn-chon had tried by dint of patient argument to convince Kathie that she loved Davie Howe; sbut when he found chon had trade by difficult that the loved Davie Howe; but when he found that Walter Brandt would probably come to the relief of the distressed garrison before many months, he changed his tactics. One day he would expostulate with Kathie solemnly, then he would take no notice of the poor child for a week. This was hard to bear. It was proved not to be spoken to; it made Kathie feel like a payor relation at her father's table. But even that was just relation at her father's table. But even that was just a beheard the room. Then she glanced at her feet, and beheld the mankkin, with his tiny arms stretched out towards her. She gave a quick little acream, and jumped up in a chair, holding her dress closely about her. "Bless my eyes!" cried the mankkin. Ah! that was Walter Brandt's own "Bless my eyes," tone, accent and all. Kathie was struck dumb. "I am demented," thought Kathie; "too much sorrow has turned my brain."

"Kathie," said the mankin tenderly, "I have been true to you."

"You must marry Davie Howe!" cried Mr. Pyn-

cheeks; her eyes wore a lack-lustre look; she went about the house like somebody's unhappy shadow; and the lips that used to bud and blossom into laughter, had forgotten how to smile. Heartache was "the grim

had forgotten how to smile. Heartache was "the grim chamberiain that lighted her to bed."

A fort cannot always be a fort if there are no ready hands to repair the breaches. Kathle had not a soul to help her in this unequal bombarding. Now and then she scattered the old people with a gun loaded to the murale with feminine grape and canister, but not often. The enemy saw that she was weakened, and plied their shot unmercifully. Kathle's guns hung fire now. The small sarcastic shells which she three at allies' outworks broke weakly in the air, and did said damage. She had parted company with Hope, and the enemy's lines came down on her. What could be company to the content of the chair, and was weeping in her two hands, the tear, and was weeping in her two hands, the tear, and was weeping in her two hands, the tear, and the fingers like diamonds. The manikin was evidently affected. He brought a small box from the corner, like diamonds. The manikin was vidently affected. He brought a small box from the corner, like diamonds. The manikin was evidently affected. He brought a small box from the corner, like diamonds. The manikin was evidently affected. He brought a small box from the corner, like diamonds. The manikin was evidently affected. He brought a small box from the corner, like diamonds. The manikin was evidently affected. He brought a small box from the corner, like diamonds. The manikin was evidently affected. He brought a small box from the corner, like diamonds. The manikin was evidently affected. He brought a small box from the corner, like diamonds. The manikin was evidently affected. He brought a small box from the corner, like diamonds. The manikin was evidently affected. He brought a small box from the corner, like diamonds. The manikin was evidently affected. He brought a small box from the corner, like diamonds. The small her was hand the prompt it at Kathie's feet, and, mounting this, climbed upon her lap.

"Kathie, had thrown herself into the chair, and was evidently affected. He brought a small chamberlain that lighted her to bed."

A fort cannot always be a fort if there are no ready damage. She had parted company with Hope, and the enemy's lines came down on her. What could Kathie do? She tried to die; but I have observed that people never die when they want to. At last she threw herself on her mother's bosom, and said:

"I don't care what becomes of me—sell me, if you will. But," added Kathie, with a show of her old spirit," lan't there anybody who will give more for me than Davie Howe offers?

ewhat dashed the old folks

Then they sent for Davie Howe. Davie Howe leer-ed, and kissed Kathie's hand, and Kathie shrunk back,

VI.

It was Christmas Eve. It was freezing cold, and the snow had commenced falling shortly after twilight; flake after flake lighted on the ragged trees and the stiff fences, like millions of magical white birds.

It was Christmas Eve. There were bright lights in the Pynchon manaion. The windows glared out on the darkness like great sinister eyes. Kathie was to be married.

The preparations for this event were on an extensiv scale. There was to be music; and young ladies in powder, and crimson farthingales, and high-heeled shoes, were to float languidly through monotonous minuets: there was to be a feast, and a charade, and a

The ceremony was to take place at eight. At seven

Garmented and garlanded for the sacrifice, Kathle Pynchon sat in the parlor of the Pynchon he rounded by a bevy of fair young girls, who, for the first time in their lives, did not envy the belle of the settlement. Kathie's pallid face and faded lips told ettlement. Kathie's paint face and make his rather a terrible story. But she looked enchantingly, from the highest wave of blonde treases down to the diamond-studded buckles on her white satin slippers.

Her costume, ladies? Silk, and things.

As she sat in the large, heavy-carven oak chair, two pretty feet were just visible underneath her tremendous hoop—two elastic ankles crossed coquettishly. The young men of the village beheld them, and

It was a quarter after seven, and expectation was on

to was a quarter steer seven, and expectation was on tiptoe for the arrival of the bridgeproom. Love, if I understand it, is a state of things, border-ing on a state of mind. For several days prior to the time appointed for saying the lifeliong words, that an-cient gentleman, Davie Howe, was in a fever with re-Love, if I understand it, is a state of things, bordering on a state of mind. For several days prior to the time appointed for saying the lifelong words, that ancient gentleman, Davie Howe, was in a fever with regard to his bridal costume, which was intended to go gard to his bridal costume, which was intended to go at triffe beyond anything that had been seen in the Colonics. It was to be a gorgeous affair, gotten up without regard to expense, or anything else. The village that had been seen in the Colonics. It was to be a gorgeous affair, gotten up without regard to expense, or anything else. The village Kathie were wed on Christmas night—and Davie Howe the content of th First, the coat, blasing scarlet, richly trimmed with gold braid, and faced with watered-silk. Next, the long-waisted waistcoat of maroon-colored cloth. Then the white silk hose. Then the faint-blue satin choker. had been some mistake in them. First they were too tight, and a seam was let out. Then they were too large, and a seam was taken in. And then they didn't fit at all. In the meantime, the happy day had dawned, and Davie Howe's small-clothes were not finished. ed, and Davis Howe's small-states were a messenger to the distracted artist; and twenty times was the mes-senger sent back with the assurance that the garment

the distracted artist; and twenty times was one measurement and the summance that the garment should be ready in season.

Six o'clock arrived, and the knee-breeches didn't. In a fit of phrenzy, Davie Howe mounted his horse, and dashed over the glaring ice to the village, three miles off, with the unalterable determination to scalp be superfluous, too; for I believe that Kathie and the superfluous, too; for I believe that Kathie and the superfluous and all true loves who have died, are support.

this past seven came, and the elder Pynchons grew uneasy. What could have occurred? And shen a quarter of eight dropped in naturally enough, like a bore to dinner. The guests looked perplexed and amused; eight o'clock struck matrically, and a half-suppressed litter went round? The guests of the brittle sugar-candy only provided litter went round? The guests of the brittle sugar-candy only guests of the brittle sugar-candy only guests of the brittle sugar-candy only guests. ed titter went round the room. There was as

suppressed titter went round the room. There was an awful pause.

"My dear," whispered Madam Pynchon to her husband, "let the man, Von Meerschaum, show his puppets, and divert the people, while Japhet rides over to Davie Howe's—something must have happened."

At the end of a long, merow room, adjoining the library, our friend Von Meerschaum had placed his mimic theatre. He had spent half the day in arranging the stage, and the other half in keeping Captain Jack from knocking everything to splinters. That young salt was in a state of mind neither to be imagined nor described. He had quietly allowed himself to be hrought to the house with the other traps; but he was no nooner under the sect, that he conducted himself in a most unbecoming meaner. He speet the professor's pet street-scene, love down the green curtain, punched out the left eye of King George (the gallant Yankee tar!), and mained for life the in-offensive automaton, whose humble ambition was consined to the tight-rope business.

Poor Von Meencheum was in great grief.

"Then let me see her!" shouted the manikin." See who, my heart?' cried the professor, ready urn into tears.

"Kathle Pynchon, you old idlot?" yelled the m

But Yon Meerschaum dared do nothing of the sort.

He attempted in vain to pacify the little demon. In
the middle of all this, the clock sounded eight, and
Madam Pynchon summoned him to exhibit his wonders some three hours before the time agreed. You
Meerschaum's face drew out like an accordoon. His
stage was in dire confusion, owing to Captain Jack's
passion; and it would take him at least an hour to set
chace in order. His counterance, was much

"Look here, old fel'!" he said, suddenly; "let m where you will please."

"Here's my flipper, old fel'!" said the puppet, tretching out his absurd fist.

Then old Hans brightened up directly, and never was on happy.

"Look here, old fel'!" he said, suddenly! "see Kathie Pynchon for one moment alone, and I'll no only help you mead matters, but I'll act like a good boy with the rest of the blockheads. If you don't, shives my timbers but I'll blow a breeze in that infernal old

Kathie, "the-the puppet-player mays be must spea

with you a moment."

Kathie rose mechanically and followed the servant, and Madam Pynchon smiled in a helpless and ghastly

manner on the company.

As Kathie entered the room, Von Meerschaum glided out, and closed the door after him, holding on to the latch like grim death.

"Don't you know me, my dove?" said a voice the caused Kathie's heart to leap up in her throat. She started like one from a dream, and stared aroun the room. Then she glanced at her feet, and behel

been true to you."
"Yes," said Kathie dreamily.
"True by day and night, Kathie, in storm and sur

"Yes," replied Kathie, sobbing.
"And to night you wed Davie Howe!"
Kathie had thrown herself into the chair, and was

The door of the room was suddenly broke and Von Meerschaum, followed by Mr. and Madam Pynchon and half the guests, rushed madly into the "O Kathie, my child!" cried Madam Pynch

"How can I tell her, good people? how can I tell her O! O!! Somebody break the news to her gently you, good neighbor Pynne."
"Davie Howe hath broken his neck or

"Davie Mowe bath broken his next or something on the ice," said the frank Puritan.

Madame Pynchon was going to faint—fourth time. Nobody caught her. Mess. Concluded not to faint. Kathle turned pale, and dropped the manikin. It fell with a crash to the floor.

There lay the manikin, the cotton protruding through a crack in the skull, and one green glass bead of an eye glistening hideous on the floor: right leg broken—compound-fracture of the spine. There it lay. Then Hans Von Meerschanm de Spuyten Duyvel se

up a howl. up a hows.

In the midst of this, a light, agile foot bounded up the stairs, and somebody threw his arms around Kathie Pynchon. It was—I don't wish to shock the sensitive nerves of the reader by being too dramatic—it was Walter Brandt. Who else should hold The Lamb?

Walter Brandt. Who else should hold The Lamb?
Kathle's recent experience-with the bewitched puppet had prepared her to undergo any supernatural or preternatural arrangement without a shudder. That is the only way I can account for Kathle's extraordinary behavior on this occasion. She put her soft round arms about Walter Brandt's neck, and laid her blushing velvet cheek close to his honest, bronsed face That Kathle Pynchon! "Monster!" shrieked Madam, her mother. Her

meaning remained a profound mystery. Whether she alluded to Walter, or Kathie, or poor Davie Howe him-

alluded to Walter, or Kathle, or poor Davie Howe nimself, never transpired.

"Don't be a fool, my dear," said Mr. Pynchon in
persuasive tones to his wife. "It is clear that Providence hath been against us in this matter. I have
neithing to say. The girl may wed whom she likes."
Itrust this remark was disinterested on Mr. Pynchon's
part; but I shrewdly suspect that neighbor Goodman
had something to do with it.

"He's made a mint o' money," remarked Goodman,
selfowers to Mr. Pynchon, while Kathle was misbe-

Kathie never breathed a word concerning the puppet to Walter; abe believed that ahe was insane that time, and deemed silence wisdom, as it generally is. It was not many years after this, that Kathie Brandt held a manikin of her own in her arms; and it looked so like BREAKFAST, DESSERT, DINNER, AND TEA

manikin of her own in her arms; and it looked so like

Von Meerschaum's manikin, that you would have died
with laughter if you could have seen it!
And poor Von Meerschaum. I wish I could say
something cheerful about him; but the fact is, he was
never the same man after Captain Jack's fall. He
never manufactured any more manikins. He had no

heart to.

"Ah!" he used to say, confidentially, "dat was a puppet as say a puppet, and I made him mit mine own hands!"

be superfluous, too; for I believe that Kathi Walter, and all true lovers who have died, are su

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